

# THE LIGUORIAN

*In the Service of*

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

December . . . . . 1930

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TO HIS GRACE

MOST REV. SAMUEL ALPHONSUS STRITCH

INSTALLED AS ARCHBISHOP OF MILWAUKEE

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IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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# Calendars for 1931

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# THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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VOL. XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 12

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## Christmastide

Oh Happy, Holy Christmastide

Where in the manger lies

The greatest gift of God to man

A Babe with sun-lit eyes.

He comes with chubby infant hand

Our heart strings to enfold,

And with each gentle touch imparts

A love more pure than gold.

Come let us kiss Thee, Dearest One,

And hold Thee to our breast—

We would not have Thee leave us more

But bide with us and rest.

If, in the past, we have forgot,

Or driven Thee away,

Grant us a Christmas pardon, Lord,

And come; oh come to stay!

—*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey was saying Mass. When he turned round for the *Dominus Vobiscum* his face was shining with joy and there was a look of deep, wondering reverence in his eyes. Of course we should not marvel at that. Though, unfortunately, he did not always look that way, at least he *should*—every priest should—while offering the ineffable Sacrifice. And so there was nothing incongruous about that. But everything else—the entire setting—seemed full of contradictions.

The day was neither a Sunday nor a holyday, yet the little church was packed—Italian officers in the attractive uniform of the flying corps, their wives and their daughters. The building was old, very, very old. Inside you could see the irregular brick and stone of which it was built, but outside it was encrusted in sculptured marble. The bare, faded walls and ceiling suggested abject poverty, but the vestments, chalice, and candlesticks were of untold value. The little church was really not a church; it was a poor peasant's home with a blackened fireplace built into one end. Still when you looked out the door of this peasant's house, you did not see grass and fields and trees and sky; you saw instead mighty pillars and long marble aisles, high arched ceilings and rich stained windows. This little house stands inside, in the very center, of a great cathedral. The cathedral is called the Church of Loretto and the house is called the Holy House of Nazareth. The inscription reads: *Hic verbum caro factum est*—in this house the word was made flesh, God became man.

After Mass, Lawrence Dwyer wandered about the basilica admiring the masterpieces in bronze and marble, in oil and fresco of Lombardo, Melozzo, Sansovino, Signorelli and other renowned artists of four centuries ago. He then went out of the church, passed the artistic fountain at the entrance, and sought a point where he could see at once the Adriatic Sea, the Apennine Mountains, and the fertile Ancona farms. There he stood marvelling at the view and wondering when in the world Father Casey would finish with his thanksgiving. An American couple he met out there exchanged a word with him from time to time, and meanwhile kept up their conversation with each other.



"You must not forget, dear, the marvels you have seen today. That little old hut inside the cathedral is the very identical house in which Christ and the Virgin lived at Nazareth." The woman said this as though she were telling a huge joke.

"Yes," the man replied, "a couple of husky angels picked it up, carried it across the sea, and dropped it down on this hill among the laurels. Hence: The Place of Laurels—Latin, Lauretum—Italian, Loreto—English, Loretto—The Holy House among the Laurels—The Holy House of Loretto."

"It is poetical, one must admit. These Italian priests are experts at making up these fairy tales, and giving them a poetical appeal."

"Yes, and what's more, at putting them across. Did you notice the Italian priest who has been kneeling there for the last hour? He almost made me feel like praying myself."

"Hush, dear; he has just left the church—and he is coming right over here."

Lawrence Dwyer's blood had been boiling; now he took a savage revenge.

"Father Casey," he called, "come and meet a couple of fellow Americans."

Mr. and Mrs. Brynold, for so they introduced themselves, blushed furiously when they realized what a blunder they had made.

"They do not believe in miracles," Dwyer persisted.

"Then they should have been with me a few minutes ago, and they would have witnessed an unquestionable miracle."

"Yes?" all three cried out eagerly.

"Yes," replied the priest. "An Italian guide refused to take a tip." Having thus put his new acquaintances at their ease, Father Casey was for passing on, but they detained him. It was that hankering to discuss religion with a priest, so often experienced by non-Catholics, and springing, more than likely, from an unconscious thirst for truth and dissatisfaction with their own hazy, disconnected religious views.

"But surely, Father Casey, don't you, as an American, feel that this thing is preposterous? This little old stone house carried through the air all the way from Palestine. I simply cannot believe such a thing."

Father Casey stood looking at the stranger for a little before he said: "My friend, at this moment a charming little Italian mother is kneeling in there pouring out her soul in prayer to Our Lady of Loretto in be-

half of her son. He is an aviator and is making a perilous trans-ocean flight. She is so intent on her prayer, so full of love for her son, and so confident God's Mother will not fail her, that she doesn't simply give a rap whether you believe the story of Loretto or not. Now, I don't want to seem flippant, but since you ask me how I, as an American, feel, I will tell you. I feel the same as that little Italian mother."

"Then you really believe in miracles?"

"I do."

"But not with a practical belief—as in ordinary, everyday affairs?"

"Absolutely. Just the same as I believe they raise corn in Iowa or sell whiskey in New Jersey.

"But some of these miracle stories the Italian peasants tell are so weird, so grotesque."

"Pardon. I did not say I believe every miracle story. I do believe that miracles can happen. Whether or not I believe that any particular alleged miracle really did happen, depends entirely upon the proof."

"I," returned the stranger, "simply cannot believe that miracles can happen."

"Do you believe God exists?"

"Suppose I say, no. How would you prove to me the possibility of miracles?"

"Once upon a time," the priest began, "a native from the tall timber came to town to see a circus elephant. He stood and gazed at the beast in open-mouthed astonishment. He simply couldn't get his brain to work on the proposition. He knew what a horse was like and a cow and a pig and a bear and a squirrel and a skunk. But this thing—it was so different, so vastly different, from any creation he had ever seen or even imagined. Finally he spat disgustedly and exclaimed: 'They *ain't* no sich animal.' And he turned on his heel and walked away. Now, would you waste your time trying to reason with a man like that?"

"All right, Father Casey, we'll concede you that point. As a matter of fact, I do believe there is a God. Now, how can you prove to me the possibility of miracles?"

"Do you mean a false God, fabricated by your own mind, to suit your own convenience? A God who has neither understanding nor free will?"

"I believe in the true God."

"Who is infinitely wise?"

"Yes."

"Who is all-powerful—can do all things? Who created the world from nothing and continues to preserve and govern it?"

"Yes, I believe all that. Now, how would you prove to me the possibility of miracles?"

"I do not need to prove it to you; you believe it already. If you believe God can do all things, you believe He can work miracles. If He made the world out of nothing, if He made and maintains the natural laws by which it operates, He can also cause little parts of the world to do something out of the ordinary, He can suspend natural laws in exceptional cases."

"Absolutely speaking, I suppose He could. But as the world exists, He cannot. One exception of that kind would upset the whole universe. You know, for instance, the universal law of gravitation, the law of the conservation of energy?"

"I know," returned the priest, "the theories to which you refer when you use those words. Both you and I have still much to learn before we shall understand them fully. But those laws made by God do not restrict the liberty or power of the God who made them." He looked up and asked abruptly: "Could the New York Central Railway run a special train from Manhattan to Chicago tomorrow?"

"Unquestionably."

"But that train would upset the whole system."

Brynold laughed. "Father Casey, I get your point: if the traffic manager can adjust the schedule, which he himself has made, to make way for an occasional exceptional train, why, God can do the same with His system. Good; we'll admit that point, too. The trouble is He never does it."

"Now, one question at a time, Mr. Brynold. You have admitted miracles are possible; but you hold they never occur. Are you a Christian?"

"Why, certainly."

"You therefore believe that Christ is God, that He became man, suffered and died for us and, the third day, rose again—"

"Not so fast," Brynold interrupted. "I am a modern Christian. I believe Christ was only a man, but a most perfect man."

"How can a liar be a perfect man? He said He was God. If that is not true, He was a liar."

"Oh, He never said He was God; neither did He come back to life. There are fables spread by His misguided followers."

"Now you are denying facts of history—facts as clearly proved as the discovery of America by Columbus. How can anybody reason with you?"

"Father Casey," the wife interposed, "you must not take Mr. Brynold too seriously. He is a better Christian than he pretends. I, at least, believe those truths, yet I hold, with my husband, that Catholics are all wrong about miracles."

"You hold that there are no miracles? When God became man, was not that a miracle? When He rose from the dead, was not that a miracle? When He walked on the water and cured the lepers and raised the widow's son, were not those miracles?"

"Yes, surely. But I mean there were no other miracles—those you ascribe to the saints and all that."

"Pardon me. To speak correctly, you should say: those miracles which we ascribe to God through the *intercession* of the saints. How do you know none of those miracles took place?"

"Oh, because—because—they are just stories people made up or imagined."

"Did you ever make a thorough study of the proofs adduced for a miracle admitted by the Catholic Church?"

"No, I never bothered about that."

"Then, little wife," said Brynold, "don't bother about making statements you cannot prove. That is what this good priest is thinking, only he is too polite to say it."

As soon as the strangers were gone, Lawrence Dwyer spoke to his companion.

"Father Tim, those people are not such bad sort after all. Though, before you joined us, they did say the most insulting things about priests. They had me furious."

"Non-Catholics often speak in that way without conscious malice. They do not know how sacred we hold the things of our faith, therefore they cannot realize how rude and insulting their remarks sound to us. —But, Larry, you seem to have something else on your mind."

"Yes, Father. Of course I believe miracles can and do take place.

After the Church has examined and accepted a miracle, I accept it too. If he knew how thorough and scientific these investigations are, an honest non-Catholic would do the same. But, Father Tim, this thing about the Holy House of Loretto: I simply do not believe that it was picked up off its foundation in Nazareth, carried through the air for hundreds of miles, and dropped down here."

"Why not?"

"Because, only last night, you told me it is no sin even if we do not believe the story."

"Oh, that is a poor reason. There are many facts a sensible man will believe, though it were no sin not to believe them."

"And you said there are some good Catholics, even some learned priests, who doubt whether this thing really happened."

"Larry, that reason is not much better than the other one, especially since the number of learned priests who, after a scientific investigation, believe the story, is far greater than the number of those who doubt it."

"Besides it looks so—so—Oh, so peculiar. It does not seem just the kind of miracle God would work."

"And who are you, my boy, to dictate to God what kind of miracle is fitting for Him to work. No, Larry, God could work this miracle even though our poor little minds fail to see the congruity or usefulness of it. The only question is, did He do so? We find the answer by examining the proofs."

"You seem to say that I should accept the miracle."

"I am not saying what you should accept. However I am saying you should use your head—that you should be reasonable in what you reject as well as in what you accept. To reject such an ancient and widespread tradition without investigation is not reasonable. For more than six centuries, this has been one of the greatest places of pilgrimage in the world. Innumerable favors have been granted to those who prayed in this Holy House."

"You would say the great favors granted here prove that the story is true."

"Not necessarily," the priest replied. "The faithful came here, not to adore this house, but to adore the mystery of the Incarnation. The more deeply they reflect on this sublime mystery of God becoming man, God taking human flesh, the stronger their faith and love will grow, and therefore the more surely will their prayers be heard. The mystery of

the Incarnation took place in the house of Nazareth. They believe this is the selfsame house of Nazareth, carried here by angels' hands. Therefore they find it an ideal place to reflect on the mystery of the Incarnation."

"But you told me the Church has given no decision on the matter."

"No formal decision. She has nevertheless looked with favor upon the wonderful way faith in the mystery of the Incarnation is fostered by pilgrimages to this shrine. She has therefore approved the Litany of Loretto as well as a special Mass and Office for the day on which the transfer of the Holy House is said to have taken place. And very recently, March 24, 1920, to be exact, she has solemnly proclaimed Our Lady of Loretto the special patron of aviators, the special guardian of all machines by which men are carried through the air."

"I thought St. Christopher, the patron of travellers, and St. Elias, who was taken up into the heavens in a fiery chariot, were the patrons of aviators."

"They are indeed protectors, but the special official protector is Our Lady of Loretto."

"That explains the presence of those aviators and their families during your Mass in the Holy House this morning."

"Precisely. And every time you see an airman sailing over this fair land, you may be sure that his loved ones are imploring for him the powerful protection of Our Lady of Loretto."

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#### A FUNDAMENTAL SENTENCE

Thomas Carlyle, one of the most picturesque figures in English Literature, who during the course of his life, tasted of many philosophies and theories, toward the end of his life wrote:

"The older I grow, and I now stand on the brink of eternity, the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child at my dear mother's knee, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the great end of man?' 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.'"

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Are you visited by the Cross? Welcome it as a friend; you will find in it a wellspring of spiritual blessings. Are you bent upon winning a soul? Suffer for it.—*Ven. Mother Barat.*

# "With the Sun Upon their Sails"

## HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

### II.

Purgatory, therefore, is not mere pain and torture, and nothing more; it is not the vestibule of hell but the very antechamber of heaven. Over these purging depths hovers the unseen hand of God, who knows how to mingle joy and pain without destroying either. Theologians and mystics speak of pain, but they also speak of regions that have joys resembling the joys of Paradise. It is this which gives the ring of truth to the exclamation of St. Francis de Sales: "Happy state, more desirable than appalling, since its flames are flames of fire and of charity." There is something wonderfully human and withal quite orthodox in that marvelous invention of Dante, when upon our entrance into the Purgatorio we are greeted by song, and our eyes are gladdened by valleys filled with flowers, and our senses delighted by balsamic aromas. "Here the songs to usher us" seem to have more poetic value. But descending deeper into these realms of God's tempered mercy, we will be surprised at the happiness to be found there. Not that we would exclude pain or hush the cry of the sufferer, but that we would distinguish the touch of God in the pain, and the exultation of the victor in the cry of those secure of the crown.

### I. VIEWING THESE SOULS IN THEMSELVES

The first step in an endeavor to understand the psychology of these separated souls, is to consider them as they are in themselves. Although shorn of their bodies, these souls are yet very much like us as regards actions, reactions and interactions of soul. True they are restricted because their medium of knowledge and sense perceptions is lacking, yet our own experiences and reactions will give us many a clue to those of the Holy Souls.

### BECALMED IN THE TWILIGHT

In the "Treatise on Purgatory" of St. Catherine of Genoa there is a very thought-provoking sentence, which gives us the basic reason why these souls may be said to experience happiness. "As far as their will is concerned, these souls cannot acknowledge the pain as such, so completely are they satisfied with the ordinance of God, so entirely is their will one with it in pure charity." (Chapter II). This quality of pur-



gatory—profound resignation to the will of God—gives us the best clue to their condition. Placing one's will at rest with the Will of God has always been recognized by the spiritual masters as the ultimate in Christian perfection. Where this obtains, peace and happiness are inevitable since all self-will and self-seeking have been eliminated. Exile from God is indeed bitter, and the anguish of longing very severe, yet never would any suffering soul harbor a least desire for freedom as long as God ordains otherwise. This willingness to remain in purgatory is strikingly brought out by an incident in the life of St. Gertrude. Once God allowed her to view purgatory, and in doing so she saw a soul about to be released. Christ surrounded by a group of virgins was coming to escort the soul. But the soul drew away from the welcoming arms outstretched to greet her, and of its own accord sank back into the flames. Gertrude was astonished. "Do you not see that Christ wishes to release you from this abode?" said Gertrude to the soul. But this soul made answer: "O Gertrude, you do not see me as I really am. I am not immaculate as yet; one stain still remains. I would never hasten to the arms of Christ while this stain still disfigures me."

This idea of lovely resignation has been beautifully brought out by Cardinal Newman in "The Dream of Gerontius" where the angel after the judgment takes the soul to purgatory.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,  
I poise thee, and lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob, or a resistance,  
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,  
Sink deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

And thus in their solitude the words of Micheas the prophet may find their echo: "When I sit in darkness, the Lord is my light. . . . He will bring me forth into the light and I shall behold His justice." (Ch. VII. v. 8.)

#### LYING AT ANCHOR

These souls, too, are perfectly sure of their salvation. The awful fear that haunts our every step, the dread possibility of failure in the



most decisive affair of human existence—these have been lifted forever by death. Who has not at one time or other gone out into the night and looked up at the unalterable serenity that twinkled and glowed in the heavens, and asked himself the appalling question: Where will I be fifty of sixty years from tonight? Will I be safe and secure beyond those stars, or will I too have lost in the great issue of life? Such uncertainty indeed, makes us fear and tremble even irrespective of the counsel of St. Paul. A like uncertainty would be a dreadful torment in these souls who clearly realize the great good that awaits them. Luther held that these souls were uncertain, and some Catholics at one time held the same opinion. This uncertainty, according to the Pseudo-reformer, drove some to despair and therefore to mortal sin and damnation. But this doctrine was condemned by Pope Leo X in the year 1520. St. Robert Bellarmine shows quite clearly that the state of these souls demands security about their final end, since the decision rendered at their Particular Judgment relegates them to their punishment or reward. And when they enter this abode they know full well the character of that place. They know and experience that they are not in the abode of hate and blasphemy; they too realize that they are not yet entirely in the home of God; to them there can be no doubt but that they linger in the vestibule of heaven. These souls then have certainty of their having escaped the shipwreck of their souls, and what an ecstatic joy that must be—I know with absolute certainty that I will one day possess my God! It was revealed to St. Francis of Assisi while still here on earth that he was one of the predestined. This knowledge, we are told in his life, made him beside himself for very joy. For eight consecutive days weeping for happiness he could repeat nothing but: "Paradise, paradise, we shall enter paradise! What care I for anything else, since paradise is mine!" If this saint experienced such extreme exaltation in that assurance, surely we do not err when we place a like or perhaps a greater exaltation and happiness in the suffering souls. Indeed, a greater exaltation, since these souls being in a state of terminus at least partially are nearer their final end than those who yet linger here in the state of the wayfarer going towards God.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;

Patience! I almost think I hear

Faint fragments of thy song. (Faber.)

## CRUMBLING BARRIERS

There is a story told of a hermit who heard sweet song issuing from the woods. He followed the sounds and came upon a man weakened and loathsome with disease. When the hermit expressed his surprise that a man in such a condition should sing as if he experienced the greatest happiness, the sufferer replied that he rejoiced to see the wall of his body crumbling away, since that alone kept him from his God.

The suffering souls too see a barrier crumbling before them. As rust covers an object, so the remains of sin cover the soul, and as long as this rust remains no soul is fit for heaven. God's-light cannot penetrate till the obstacle be removed, and as the rust of sin falls away the soul must recognize the growing light within. Each moment must have its thrill of exultation to see how the oncoming light of God fills every little part of that soul. Not that the pains are necessarily lessened (for that is disputed in the schools), but that the time is lessened and thus the suffering is decreased, and happiness is increased. Thus throughout the days and nights of their exile, there is a spiritual perfection, or better a spiritual purging going on. Surely it is painful, very painful, but all created perfection is more or less a process of pain. This pain, however, we scarcely recognize as pain especially if the object towards which we are striving is overmastering in its influence and its power. Before each soul in Purgatory looms the overmastering purpose of all—the enjoyment of God. It is that and that alone which matters. All sacrifice, all suffering, even the most intense, is as nothing so long as that be attained. This we know from a parallel experience here on earth, we can discern it in the lives of the saints, it is the solution of the drama of Calvary. If then, this be verified here on earth, where body and material weigh down the spirit, we can scarcely be wrong if we see a like influence at work in Purgatory.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving God, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—*Faber*.

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Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.—*La Bruyere*.

## The Christmas Apron

MARY CLARK JACOBS

Susan Demean sat quite still, the buttonhole she was fashioning with the neatest of tiny stitches neglected as the needle slipped from her nervous fingers. Undoubtedly, her daughters thought she had taken her sewing upstairs; instead, this afternoon, she had sought the peace and quiet of a sunny window in the next room. They were discussing Christmas—Mother's Christmas—and Mrs. Demean would have felt herself honor bound to hurry beyond hearing had she not been arrested by the sentence that caught her ears before she could gather up her sewing.

"Christmas is but a week off," Jane declared. "How are you getting on with your presents, Marian?"

"Very well. The sewing class at school has helped so much. I'm making mother a housedress. Sister Margaret helped me to cut it out and sew it together."

"It isn't a bit hard to find something to please mother."

"No, indeed. I did not have to think more than two minutes to decide that a nice big roomy apron would please her most. I'm making it," Jane declared.

"Hum. What sort of an apron did you say?"

"Marian, do you have to ask *that*? You know mother's aprons?"

"I surely do. Big cover-all sort. Mother seems to prefer them. Why, she just wouldn't seem to be our mother without one of them on."

"I believe they are her emblem of service."

"I doubt if mother could work in anything else."

"In the kind Aunt Sarah affects, for instance," Jane laughed. "Can you imagine mother with one of the linen scraps about her waist?"

"No, I can't. Aunt Sarah just dotes on them. White and lacey and embroidered and of the dimensions of a postage stamp. I have one for Aunt Sarah for Christmas that I got at the bazaar—but I would never think of offering it to mother."

"No, indeed. Mother would never wear it, I'm sure."

Mrs. Demean flushed unhappily as she quietly made her way from the window without the girls suspecting that she had heard them. When she reached her own room she did not take up her sewing but

sat down and stared into space, thinking. Indignation welled within her; yet had anyone questioned her she would have quickly denied that her beloved family ever gave her cause for chagrin. Just now she was both amazed and hurt. Mr. Demean's days were long and busy ones. She served her husband and children faithfully and well not only because it was her duty as wife and mother to do so but because she loved them devotedly and found her greatest pleasure in giving service to those she loved.

Mrs. Demean did wear big aprons. The labor of caring for a home, a garden, in preparing the most succulent of nourishing foods, the many, many tasks that fell to her willing hands were rarely the sort that called for the dainty aprons that Aunt Sarah wore. Aunt Sarah was different. She had a smaller family and her husband was a prosperous merchant. Aunt Sarah could well afford to have help with her work; while too often, it took ingenuity and much good management on Susan's part to make her husband's income stretch over the actual need without adding a servant's remuneration.

Mrs. Demean was quite happy with her busy days. She did not ask for assistance with her work, except what her daughters could give her after high school hours were over. But, somehow she did not want her dear ones to think of her as ever encased in a big kitchen apron. She felt that they appreciated all that she did for their comfort and welfare. No doubt, there was no criticism intended in their statement concerning her aprons, but . . .

Mrs. Demean could not deny that she was hurt and indignant. There was no other way to express her feelings. She was more than willing to work for her loved ones, yet somehow she resented their thinking of her only as a worker.

Strange the odd kink that will curl into the brain of a seemingly normal individual at times—and often when there is no real reason for it. Susan thought much of her aprons, so much indeed that her daughters' words assumed the proportions of a real grievance. She decided that they were ashamed of her in her homely emblem of service. Perhaps they would prefer her to be more of a lady of leisure and wear the dainty little things that Aunt Sarah liked. And she decided to attempt to satisfy them.

When Christmas came and the big service apron was given to her by Jane, she thanked her for it graciously, admiring and commenting

on the neatness of the young seamstress, but she did not let Jane see her in it. She bought for herself some of the tiny white ruffled things that masquerade under the name of aprons for those who have no real need of one. But try as she might she could not bring herself to discard the old useful cover-alls entirely. She kept Jane's Christmas present ever well hidden within the pantry and donned it when none were present, sighing as she realized how much easier her work seemed and how much more she accomplished when protected by the roomy folds. But, before it was time for the children to return from school, she thrust it back into the depths of darkness and tied a small fragment of ruffled white muslin about her waist.

Then having started, she steadily ignored the reaction of the family to the change. It did hurt her when her husband coming in from the garage, stopped to kiss her and catching sight of the white apron, drew back lest he should soil it with the grease and oil he had accumulated while coaxing the old car to give more service.

"Company tonight, Susan?" he asked.

She assured him that there was none but the family expected.

Marian and Jane were quite well bred young ladies. They looked at their mother, raised questioning eyes to each other, but made no comment. Jim, coming in from the ball game was less discreet.

"Say, Mom, you're all dressed up. Ain't you got that little lace hanky in the wrong place? Looks more like a bib than an apron."

Susan smiled but the smile faded quickly as Benny, the youngest, protested.

"Ah, mother, I don't like *that thing*. I like your regular aprons." subject. "Mother, them things may be all right on Aunt Sarah but not on you."

All that was needed to stiffen Susan Demean's determination were the last few words. Why should she not dress as Aunt Sarah? She grimly determined to strive in that direction.

From birth Benny had not been a strong child. Being the baby of the family, he was cherished and petted by all the Demeans. It had taken much care and constant watching, with medical supervision to bring him through babyhood and early childhood and now, at 9 years of age, the weakness that had been his portion, seemed slipping away. Benny was getting stronger; he was able to attend school with more

regularity and his family rejoiced that now at last they dared to hope that their prayers were answered and Benny would be spared to them to grow into healthful manhood.

Thus the accident that befell Benny less than a week after Christmas was a great shock to them. Miserable and tearful for days they hung about his bed, hoping and praying that he would recognize them, but Benny was floating in a sea of semi-consciousness that brought only incoherent mutterings from his lips.

"It's so strange," declared Jane tearfully. "Benny has been such a baby . . . he'd always want mother near to him and now . . ."

"Now he won't recognize her at all. It is very queer," added Marian.

It was too true. "Mother, mother!" the boy called over and over. "Where is my mother?" But when Susan took his hand and bent over him with tender words, he turned from her.

"Go away! I want *my mother!*"

So the days that followed Benny's contact with a speeding auto slipped by and his periods of consciousness grew less and even that seemed dotted with strange delirium in which he begged for his mother. Sadly, the distracted family realized that he was growing weaker and soon his poor body, never entirely recovered from the childish weakness, could not sustain long under such condition.

On the seventh morning after the accident, Benny again opened his eyes and called for his mother. It was after Mrs. Demean had made another attempt to make her boy realize her nearness and had been repulsed that Jane drew her aside to whisper:

"Mother, I think if you'd just put on one of your big aprons—"

"Why Jane—"

"Mother, do try it. I don't know just what there is about your big kitchen aprons that make us love them—or rather love you in them. Perhaps it is because they seem to be associated with you so closely—because you wear them—or used to wear them so much while you were working for us and caring for us so well. Don't you remember how Benny objected when you started to wear the tiny aprons? He said in them you did not seem as our mother. Mother, do put on your big apron—and see if he does not recognize you in it."

Suddenly the mists rolled from Susan Demean's eyes. Her children

loved her for herself; and they loved her so well and appreciated her services for them so much that her garb even was honored.

"The apron, the Christmas apron you gave me, Jane, is in the pantry. I'll put it on."

"Let me tie it, mother," Jane murmured making the bow as together they hurried back to the boy.

"Mother, mother!" Benny called. She crossed quickly to his side.

"Here is mother, Benny, dear."

His thin hand went out, grasped the end of the apron and clung to it.

"Mother," he breathed in content, "I've been hunting for you. Where have you been?"

"Never mind about that," she whispered. "I promise not to leave your side again until you are well, dear. Jane and Marian can do all the necessary work, and I'll stay right here with my boy until he has recovered."

"Stay with me, mother," he smiled happily and clutching the apron and his mother's hand, slipped into the peaceful slumber that would do much to bring a speedy return to health.

"Benny is better—much better," whispered Jane as she and her sister left the room. "Cured—he is absolutely cured by a Christmas apron."

"I wouldn't say it that way," Marian shook her head. "I feel that God answered our prayers for dear Benny's recovery and that big familiar apron—your Christmas present to mother—was the instrument through which He granted our appeals for dear Benny's return to health and strength."

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### THE KINGDOM OF THE SOUL

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Father John Tauler, St. Alphonsus tells us, one day met a beggar to whom he addressed himself as follows:

"Who are you?"

"I am a King!" the poor man replied.

"But where is your kingdom, if, as you claim, you are a King?"

"It is within my soul," answered the man, "where I keep everything in order. The passions are subjected to reason and the reason to God."

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Death is the beautiful moment of human life.—*Pere Lacordaire.*



# The Most Human of All Saints

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

AUGUST T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R

"Thou has made us unto Thyself, and restless is this heart of ours until it rests in Thee." So says St. Augustine in his book of Confessions (Book 1, Chap. 1.) and in no one is that beautiful word so clearly illustrated than in himself.

"Almost nine years passed," he tells us, (Conf. III, ii) "in which I wallowed in the mire of that pit and in the darkness of falsehood (Manicheism) after trying to rise, but as often dashed down the more grievously."

## TEACHING IN ROME

He seemed, indeed, to be trying to run away from the things that would lead him back to the Faith of his childhood and to God. Finding the students at the schools of Carthage too boisterous he determined to go to Rome. His mother resolved to go with him. This he did not wish. On the night of his departure he deliberately misled her:

"I lied to my mother, and escaped; for, as she refused to return without me, I with difficulty persuaded her to stay that night in a place hard by our ship, where there was a chapel in memory of the Blessed Cyprian. That night I secretly departed, but she remained behind in weeping and in prayer. And what, oh Lord, was she asking of Thee with so many tears except that Thou wouldst not suffer me to sail? But Thou, in the depth of Thy wisdom, and hearing the main point of her desire, didst not regard what she there asked, in order to make me what she ever asked."

"The wind blew and swelled our sails and withdrew the shore from our sight; and she on the morrow was there, overcome with sorrow and with groans and supplications filled Thine ears, who didst then disregard them; whilst through my own desires Thou went hurrying me on to quit all my evil desires." (Conf. V. 8.)

So it came about. The very course he chose to rid himself of the warnings of his mother, God chose to bring Augustine finally to Himself. At Rome he took seriously sick. But this time he did not, as in his youth in similar danger, desire baptism. He was too far gone for that.



"I did not in all that danger desire Thy baptism; and I was better as a boy, when I begged it of my mother's piety, as I have before narrated. But I had grown up to my own shame, and I madly scoffed at the prescription of Thy medicine, who wouldst not suffer me, being such, to die a double death."

God did not permit him to die. Augustine recovered, opened his school, and for some time taught with distinction. Disappointments, however, were close at hand. The students, although they came in numbers, were slow in paying, and as Augustine had to live by his profession, he soon took advantage of an offer to teach in Milan.

"When, therefore, they of Milan had sent to Rome, to Symmachus, the prefect of the city, to furnish them with a rhetoric professor for their city, and send him at the public expense, I made application."

The circumstances of the case are such as to make one wonder at the marvelous ways of God's love. Symmachus was a Pagan and wanted to recommend no Christian for the Milanese position; the friends who supported Augustine's choice were Manicheans who wished only to see one of their sect get the position. Augustine's growing renown had brought him into prominence, and thus the Pagan prefect and the Manichean friends brought him to Milan, where he was ultimately to find the Truth.

#### PROFESSOR AT MILAN

For two years he taught at Milan, universally admired for his learning and eloquence. On all great occasions he was called upon to deliver the oration, a panegyric of the emperor or some great person. If the flattery he received satisfied his self-love, it had to make his nobler self realize the frivolity of it all.

In disgust he turned to philosophy. Victorinus, a celebrated professor of rhetoric at Rome, who soon after became a Christian, had just translated several works of Plato into Latin. Augustine read them eagerly. That cured him of Manicheism; he saw into its falsehood and contradictions. He began to understand what God is and pathetically, almost, he cried:

"O, my dear Socrates, what gives worth to this life is the vision of Eternal Beauty. What a destiny is that of a mortal to whom it might be given to contemplate unalloyed beauty, in its purity and simplicity, no longer clothed with flesh and human colors, and all these delights

fated to perish, and to whom it should be given to see under its unique form—Divine Beauty!"

In fact, so close was Plato's teaching in certain points, to what he remembered of Christian doctrine, that he thought Plato must have used the Sacred Scriptures. And though he learned much from Plato's philosophy, it did not answer all his questions and did not satisfy his soul.

"Plato gave me a knowledge of the true God, Jesus Christ showed me the way," he says. Once more, therefore, he turned to the Sacred Books. Once he discarded them on account of their simplicity; now he was able to appreciate their teaching. And so again, by a false philosophy, he was led higher:

"Upon these (the Neo-platonist philosophers), I believe, Thou therefore didst will that I should fall, before I studied Thy Sacred Scriptures, that it might be imprinted on my memory how I was affected by them; and that afterwards, when my spirit was tamed through Thy books and my wounds touched by Thy healing fingers, I might discern and distinguish between presumption and confession; between those who saw whither they were going without seeing the way, and the way that leadeth not only to behold but also to dwell in that beautiful country. For, had I first been formed in Thy Holy Scriptures and hadst Thou in Thy familiar use of them grown sweet to me, and had I then fallen upon those volumes, they might perhaps have withdrawn me from the solid ground of piety." (Conf. VII, 20).

ST. AMBROSE

At that time, Milan had as its bishop, St. Ambrose—"known to the whole world as among the best of men" as Augustine himself said. Augustine resolved to see him.

"To him," he tells us, "I was unknowingly led by Thee, that by him I might knowingly be led to Thee. The man of God received me as a father, and showed me a bishop's kindness on my coming. Thenceforth I began to love him, at first indeed not as a teacher of the truth, but as a person kind towards myself, and I listened diligently to him preaching to the people, not with that intent I ought, but as it were, criticizing his eloquence, whether it answered the fame thereof . . . and I hung on his words attentively; but of the matter I was a careless and scornful looker-on. And I was delighted with the sweetness of his discourse, more learned and deep, yet in a manner less winning and harmonious than that of Faustus (the Manichean). Of the matter, how-

ever, there was no comparison, for the one was wandering amid Manichean delusions—the other was teaching salvation most soundly.

"But salvation is far from sinners, such as I then stood before him; and yet I was drawing nearer, little by little and unconsciously. For though I took no pains to learn what he spoke but only to hear how he spoke (for that was all that was left me, who despaired of finding a way to God open for man); yet, together with the words which I looked for, there came also into my mind the things I would refuse—for I could not separate them. And when I opened my heart to admit 'how eloquently he spoke,' there also entered 'how truly he spoke,'—but this by degrees." (Conf. V. 13, 14.)

#### THE CATECHUMEN

Finally he "determined so long to be a Catechumen in the Catholic Church . . . till something certain should dawn on me, whither I might steer my course." (Conf. V. 14.)

This was the beginning. He was already at the gates of Faith. What kept him from taking the final step? There began a great struggle in his soul between his mind and his half-healed heart, revealed to us in all its tragic severity, in his Confessions. He says:

"I will take my stand, where as a child my parents placed me, until the clear truth be found out. But where shall it be sought and when? Ambrose has no leisure; we have no leisure to read; whence shall we even find the books . . . Let set times be appointed, and certain hours ordered for the health of our soul. Great hope has dawned: the Catholic Faith does not teach what we thought and vainly accused it of . . . and do we hesitate to 'knock' that the rest 'may be opened'?"

Alas, his time is taken up with his work. "The forenoons our scholars take up; what do we do during the rest? Why not this? But when then pay we court to our great friends whose favor we need? When compose the books we would sell to our scholars? When refresh ourselves, unbending our minds from this intenseness of care?"

And still, his reason would leave him no rest. "Perish everything," he cries, "dismiss we these empty vanities and betake ourselves to the due search for Truth! Life is vain, death uncertain; if it steals upon us on a sudden in what state shall we depart hence? And where shall we learn what here we have neglected? And shall we not rather suffer the punishment of this negligence? . . . What if death itself cut

off and end all care and feeling? Then I ought to make sure of this. But God forbid this! It is no vain and empty thing that the excellent dignity of the Christian Faith hath overspread the whole world. Never would such great things be wrought by God for us, if, with the death of the body, the life of the soul came to an end. Wherefore delay then to abandon worldly hopes and give ourselves wholly to seek after God and blessed life?" (Conf. VI. 11.)

#### THE HEART IN REVOLT

He seemed to feel even then that for him there was no half-way measure; he must be all for God. And it was against this that his heart still in love with pleasure and the things of this world, rebelled and counselled delay.

"But wait! Even those things are pleasant; they have some and no small sweetness. We must not lightly abandon them, for it were a shame to return to them again. See, it is no great matter now to obtain some station, and then, what should we wish for more? We have many powerful friends; if nothing else offer, and we be in much haste, at least a presidentship may be given us—and a wife with some money that she increase not our charges; and this shall be the bound of our desire."

But God was drawing nearer. Augustine suddenly felt an impulse to see a holy priest by the name of Simplicianus, the spiritual father of Saint Ambrose.

"To him I related the mazes of my wanderings. But when I mentioned that I had read certain books of the Platonists which Victorinus, sometime Rhetoric Professor of Rome (who had died a Christian as I heard) had translated into Latin . . . Simplicianus spoke of Victorinus himself and how that aged man, most learned and skilled in liberal sciences, who had read and weighed the works of many philosophers, the instructor of so many noble senators, who had deserved a statue in the forum—even he did not blush to be the child of Christ and the newborn babe of Thy fountain (Baptism),—submitting his neck to the yoke of humility and subduing his forehead to the reproach of the Cross." (Conf. VIII. 2.)

Simplicianus read Augustine's character. It was not argument he needed; it was something to awaken that fundamentally generous heart of his. And Augustine came away filled with a great desire to imitate Victorinus. "Alas," he says, "that new will which had begun to be in

me, freely to serve Thee and to wish to enjoy Thee, O God, the only assured happiness, was not yet able to overcome my former wilfulness, strengthened by age." (Conf. VIII, 5.)

His former sinful enjoyments and worldly pursuits seemed to tug at his elbow and cry out to him: "Thinkest thou that thou canst live without us?" (Con. VIII, 11.)

(*To Be Continued*)

### MARTYRS OF TODAY

In a recent book entitled, "Catholic Sex Morality," Dr. Rudolph Geis probes to the root of the problem facing Catholics in the midst of the world-wide propaganda for birth control, their own particular difficulties, and their knowledge of the natural and divine law upon the matter.

"They must choose between immorality or moral heroism . . . Christianity has never been a religion of escape . . . The consistent Christian must be of the stuff of which martyrs are made . . . Every age demands martyrdom of some kind; the first ages of Christianity called for martyrs who were willing to suffer for the sake of the Faith; our age calls for martyrs who are willing to suffer for the sake of morality."

The trouble is, in our age, that there are too many who are not willing to suffer for anything—not even for God and their conscience. Between poverty and self-denial, between lack of comforts, of style, of luxuries and the ridicule of fellow-men there is nothing for them to choose in doing what they know is right—because all these things involve suffering. They have forgotten that "Christianity has never been a religion of escape."

It is a consolation to know, however, that there are martyrs for morality in the world today. Martyrs who, like the brave Christians of old, do not count the cost when there is a question of being faithful to a serious law of God. And in proportion as the bad example of those around them increases does their nobility stand out and their deathless glory become more worthy of our praise!

O Jesus! You are my true Friend, my only Friend. You take a part in all my misfortunes, You take them on yourself, You know how to change them into blessings.—*Ven. de la Colombiere, S.J.*

## A Few Thoughts ON THE APOSTOLATE AMONG THE MEXICANS

M. S. BRINGAZI, C.Ss.R

In many sections, however, the people are more scattered and the distances are too great. A certain Catholic school would not be possible. In such circumstances, ways and means might be found to bring in trained catechists. Working in harmony with the priests they would, and do accomplish wonderful results. Like the sisters in the schools, their influence would not be limited to the classes in catechism. They would have the opportunity in the absence of the priests to administer lay-baptism; they could encourage and instruct the older people who never had the time or the chance to learn and who now are ashamed to approach the priest; they would unearth marriages to be validated; they could pray with the sick and the dying. In a word, their influence, once they had gained the confidence of the people would be immense. But again, their training takes time and money and afterwards they must be supported.

Where there are enough Mexicans to justify a separate school and church, it is perhaps better to erect them. In other places a charitable campaign must be waged against the prejudices that tend to exclude them from these necessary benefits if their faith and salvation are to be assured. At any rate the work of the church and the school must go on.

Another means of helping the Mexican apostolate would be to provide and invite missionaries who speak their language and are well-disposed towards them, to preach missions for the Mexicans. In order to be successful these missions must be well advertised beforehand. The rosary recited by the priest and the people, with hymns between the decades, in the Mexican style is essential. In the country parishes these missions hardly extend beyond one week. Results show that these missions are justified beyond a shadow of doubt. The Mexican people will come to the missions: and they will come not merely out of curiosity or for the sake of excitement, but from motives of faith. In a certain place the pastor had done his best to get the people to come to church. Circumstances and prejudices beyond his control reduced his good will and his labors almost to nothing. Having witnessed part of a mission

for the Mexicans in a neighboring parish, he simply demanded of the missionaries the same services and more in his own church. During his mission a young man of the parish met one of the missionaries: "Father, I never thought the Mexicans were like that. Why, to hear those people pray, and sing, and they pay attention to your sermons! I think they know as much as we do." He could think of no higher compliment. Every night the Mexicans filled the body of the church and the other parishioners packed the choir. Once when the roads were almost impassable on account of rain and mud, twelve assisted at the opening sermon. The next night thirty came, then a hundred, and at the end of the mission more than 200 were present. When they could not go home and return the following morning for Holy Communion on account of the great distance they had to travel, some have been known to sleep in their cars or out in the open. Whole families have come even thirty miles to assist at part of the mission at least, and to make their confession to the missionaries. The missions attract many who before were afraid or ashamed to come to church. Many marriages are validated; children are baptized; and first Confessions and Communions are seemingly without number. Here are some of the tangible and evident results of five missions preached for Mexicans in various churches of the San Antonio archdiocese within the past twelve months. These missions were preached by two Redemptorist Fathers of the Church of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, San Antonio, Texas. These Fathers are not alone in the field; other religious engage in the same work. Their story will be that of the other missionaries too. There were: 1,085 confessions; 1,795 Holy Communions; 43 marriages validated, and others left to the care of the pastors for lack of sufficient or certain information at the time; average attendance at the evening services, 175. Grown men and women, parents, even whole families have come asking for more or personal instruction, and frequently that they might be admitted to make their first confession and Holy Communion. One family drove eight miles every night in an uncovered farm-wagon to assist at a mission. Their faith was rewarded by having a certain couple make their confession and validate their marriage, a thing which the man had consistently refused to do.

The harvest is ripe but who will make it possible for the workers to go into the field? The natural rewards of this work are small and that is perhaps one reason why more missions for the Mexicans are not



preached. Not that the missionaries demand a fixed sum for their labors or that they are unwilling to undertake the burdens without the prospect of even a reasonable reward: it is rather that those who are responsible, hesitate to invite them, knowing that they will have but little to give in return for the arduous labors that must be borne. Besides, the work of the missionaries is so far insufficiently known.

How can individuals or Catholic societies of laymen promote this phase of the Mexican apostolate? Everyone can at least pray for their success or speak in favor of them. When the chance offers itself, they can spread the good word among the people and invite them to the mission. Might it not be possible to establish a fund to defray at least partially, the expenses of such a mission? Or when a mission is held in a mixed parish, voluntary contributions could be made by the wealthier non-Mexican part of the congregation for the same purpose. A mission cannot but draw God's blessing upon each and everyone in the parish and upon the parish as a whole: should not all show their gratitude in some positive way? All that the missionaries ask, is: that it be made possible for them to do God's work in the missions.

The automobile chapel-car, a church which accompanies the missionary not only along the beaten paths but also over the byways, is another way to promote this work. Such a church on wheels has been built and is in very successful operation out of Fresno, California. The work of such a chapel-car is a sort of continual mission. The building, equipping and maintenance for such a car would no doubt be a great act of charity and promote the work of the Mexican apostolate. But since the expense would be great, the conditions and circumstances of its probable use would have to be well examined beforehand lest such an expense be more of a debit than an asset.

Finally, among the means to be suggested here, there is the Catholic social worker. The doctor, the nurse, or others trained to the works of charity who are willing to devote themselves gratis or for a small consideration to the services of the poor, would be more than welcome in this field. While such work is not directly connected with the apostolate as described and defined in this article, still it is fully in harmony with it. To be able to bring in a Catholic nurse or doctor where their services are required lends prestige to the priest and adds weight to his words. Experience demonstrates this. At the same time it is a consolation to him to know that one more opening has been closed to the



hostile and anti-Catholic influences which often operate through such means. Experience has shown the value of such work. Where a visiting nurse or doctor cannot be had, it might still be possible to establish a free clinic where the poor can receive medical advice and attention. Much remains to be done in this respect. If the "Medical Mission" is of service and is approved for the foreign mission fields, why should it not be of use at home?

These thoughts on the necessity and utility of the Mexican apostolate are offered to all in the hope that they may inspire interest in a mission field that is spreading out from the southwest and west into the larger cities and manufacturing districts of the central and northern states. Whether we believe it or not, like it or not, the facts are there. Like the wheat fields of the central plains, the field of the apostolate among the Mexicans is so vast and extended that it is scarce possible to cultivate it entirely and thoroughly. That, however, is no reason to ignore or neglect it. The enemy in the gospel sowed cockle among the wheat: false religions, false teachers are sowing the cockle of error in this field of the Lord and they are very busy. The bishops, priests, sisters, and catechists are doing what they can. It remains for those "at home" to make the extension of this work possible. The suggestions, too, that were made, were not put down to attract help or to ask alms for any particular work or place: they are simply suggestions.

The labors of the Mexican apostolate are truly missionary labors. They are comparable, in a way, to the foreign missions because those who enter this field must acquire a new language, learn new customs, and subject themselves to many sacrifices and hardships. It is work done for the poor, the abandoned and the despised of Christ's flock. Surely God will reward all who help to spread this work by their prayers or by material means, even though their efforts be small and apparently insignificant.

What are you willing to do that the active workers in the field may continue, expand, and consummate their labors?

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The "Our Father" comprises the whole spiritual life from the very beginning until God absorbs the soul into Himself and gives it to drink freely of the living water. If other books are taken from us, no one can deprive us of this, which came from the lips of the very Truth, Who cannot err.—*St. Teresa.*

## Houses

### THE HOUSE OF THE KING

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Could the sanctuary lamp, whose fluctuating rays leap to and fro in jagged lengths in the dark of night, become animate and speak—it would tell a thousand stories of what it has beheld. Could the towering pillars that creep up into the heights until they are lost in the spreading roof that they support, bear upon them the legend of all those who have paused beneath their shadow—they would embody the most marvelous literature in all the world. Or could each bench, that is scarred now and marked with use and age, retain its memories and whisper them in the solemn stillness to each new soul whose weary body is dropped upon it—there would be sermons heard within these sacred walls that would out-rival all the eloquence of the tongues of men. For the light of the lamp and the shadow of the pillars and the haven of the benches are the sentinels of the house of the King!

The house is a palace—for throughout the long bright days—and the lonely hours of the night—the King is there. You cannot see Him; for He is hidden beyond the tiny tabernacle doors that are locked upon Him and the sacramental veils He has assumed; yet His presence is known—yea, felt and seen—by each worshiper who comes before Him. The house is a court—where the rich are received and the poor are not sent away; where no barrier stands between the great or the lowly—the sinner or the saint—and the King Who is waiting there. The stable in the fields was no more open court than the church in which He dwells; as from the stable He went forth to redeem the world—so from the tabernacle His love goes forth to forgive and to comfort and to save.

It is early Christmas morning. Midnight Mass—and the Shepherd Masses following it—are over. The altar boys have extinguished the candles. The organist has played a last few chords, resounding with the joy of Christmas, which have at last faded out into silence. The lights in the huge church—brilliant a moment ago—have been snapped out—leaving only the dimmed reflectors aglow over the crib—that shine down on it like moonlight. The crowds have gone chattering homewards. One soul remains in church; arises from a seat near the rear—goes down the aisle to a place just in front of the crib; and there in the

solitude and the quiet of the early morning hour—enters into the agony that only a human soul can know.

It is a young woman—fair of features and attractive in dress—who has remained here when all others are gone. She is troubled sorely about something—as the lingering shadows around her eyes and the drawn lines about her lips unmistakably portray. She has a story to tell beneath the light of the sanctuary lamp and the glow of the crib—a story that has been written in characters of flesh and of blood—and whose ending has not yet been penned.

The pictures in the story that have preceded her visit here come trooping before her mind. The beginning, the progress, the climax of the story—with each detail and trifling circumstance, pass before her in review. Through it all one conclusion seems inevitable—though her presence here is at least a gesture against it. Futile indeed the gesture seems—despite the crib—the lamp—the tabernacle. The pictures are too vivid and the effect of her part in them too overwhelming on her body and her soul.

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At a party given by a friend, Enid Donnelly had first met Romaine Rogers. All the trifling details of that meeting—their words together when words meant nothing—come back to her before the crib.

"How do you do," she had said, when introduced.

"Delighted to know you, I'm sure," Romaine had said, with just the proper inflection and the most charming smile. Their interlocutor had gone off at once—spying an acquaintance at a distance—and left them alone together.

"I wonder," the man had said, by way of opening a conversation, "whether you find these parties the same as I do. I am going to risk your disapproval by telling you that I find them—frankly—a bore."

There was something so confidential and yet genteel in the man's address that Enid found herself captivated. Added to the effect of his manner was the flattery contained in what he had said—and the penetration of her character that had inspired it. She had often considered herself unique in the ennui she suffered at affairs of this kind.

"Are you a mind-reader?" she had asked, with a laugh, "or do I wear my lack of interest so openly that he who runs may read?"

"Not at all," Romaine had answered. "That is—not at all to the last question and not exactly to the first. I must qualify my answer

to your first question because I am going to essay another venture into the hidden places of your mind. See, they are getting ready to dance. Is it possible that you—like myself—would prefer taking a turn or two in the garden to tripping the light fantastic?"

Though she loved dancing, Enid had not been able to resist the invitation of this stranger with whom she was so fast becoming friendly. They had gone out into the garden.

It was summer time. Around the porch luxurious bushes of bridal-wreath drooped their slender branches gracefully. Out beyond these there were squares of lawn and circles of flowers; and gravel walks winding around and between. Here and there a bench sat waiting in the shadows. The moonlight lent more than romance to the scene as it marked out bright patterns here and there—and left other spots in shadow.

They had walked about slowly—talking comfortably about a multitude of things. There was no word spoken between them that was other than proper and controlled; no word inspired by the romantic setting of their surroundings. Yet Enid had felt her heart beating with a new strangeness—even as she talked about such things as gardening, astronomy and even business to this wonderful young man. It was her heart that had whispered to her three words while her mind and voice were occupied with other things. Too quickly it had spoken—too rashly—too foolishly—though its words were only a question: Was this love?

Two weeks later she learned that Romaine Rogers was a divorced man. . . .

The second picture. That first meeting between them, after she had learned who and what he was. The meeting for which she had been priming herself; toward which her attitude was cut out for her by every principle her heart had hitherto held dear. Then the sad reality of it!

He had come into the office where she worked. Boyishly enthusiastic at seeing her again. Bending down over the outer edge of her desk and saying:

"Hello there! How have you been?"

Her answer was natural, unforced, friendly. It need not have been otherwise. "Just fine. And you?"

"Tip-top," he said. "I've been thinking of you." Now he was coming to the dangerous ground. She felt it. She knew it. Something

would be given her to decide. It was. He went on. "How about taking lunch with me this noon?"

What was it she had been going to say? She couldn't think—somehow didn't want to think of it—now that he was standing before her. She had the sudden consciousness of the other girls looking on—admiringly of him—enviously of her.

"All right," she had said—almost without hesitation—so fast had she thought. "I'm off at twelve." He came for her on the stroke of the hour.

They had lunch together often after that. And shows together—and dances. By sheer force of her will-power she had convinced herself it was only friendship—nothing wrong. Her heart always told her different.

"All right," she had said—and opened the door by that simple word to—well, she didn't yet know what. . . .

Another picture. One week before Christmas. At a luncheon in a downtown cafe after a show. She has so accustomed herself to Romaine's friendship that she has come to the point where she wonders how she could do without it. He has sensed this all along—now he chooses the right moment to put his own feeling into words.

"Enid," he says, "I have never spoken to you as I want to tonight." She cannot stay the feeling of expectancy, of gladness that rushes over her—with only an undercurrent now of her soul's deepest disapproval. She escapes the undercurrent—'tis too sweet above, basking in his admiration and love.

"I think," he goes on, "that we are cut out for one another. I haven't spoken because I knew something might stand in our way. But now I feel you know that nothing can stand in the way of the happiness of our love. Will you marry me?"

The word is mockery on his lips; she knows she should consider it so. She is thrilled by it nevertheless. Her soul struggles for freedom from this thrall in which she has enmeshed it—but she cannot—or will not escape. Still, it is too sudden to give up at once. Her whole life cries out against it. She will compromise. Stave off her own defeat for a time. Just enjoy the hour—do the fighting it out with her own principles later on. Slowly she answers.

"I cannot answer you now. . . . You will have to wait."

A year ago such words on such an occasion—had been like blas-

phemy on her lips. Now she felt they were an inspiration—a straw at which to grasp while she was drowning. "You will have to wait." . . .

\* \* \*

The pictures ended there—and Enid came back to the present. To the church and the tabernacle and the crib. She had come here to try to escape the answer to Romaine that she had felt trembling on her lips. Yet over her there gradually came a feeling of despair; for the greatest fallacy of the age had seized upon her mind and distorted all her former sense of values: the fallacy was the thought that nothing in all the world—not even God and her religion could satisfy her for the loss of the thing she thought was love!

Strangely enough—she had no delusions as to what her choice would mean. Choosing to marry Romaine—or rather to pretend to marry him—meant giving up God and with Him—every joy and consolation that the things of God had ever brought to her before. Her eyes rested on the figure of the Babe within the crib; tiny, helpless, innocent Babe; Babe at the mercy of men—Who asked but for love—and would receive in return so often the scourge—the crown—the cross. Enid knew that joining her life to Romaine's meant taking this Babe out of the crib and scourging Him anew—nailing Him to the cross again. Even while the thought swept over her with an overwhelming sense of remorse and guilt—the crib would fade from her view and Romaine would stand before her—with his dashing youth—with his pleading smile—with his promise of happiness—and Enid would feel again that she could never say him Nay!

Now her mind began wandering back over the years of her childhood and youth—recalling pictures of all her faith had meant to her—of all the occasions of joy it had brought into her life. The first Midnight Mass she had ever heard. She was a little girl with long flowing curls and wondering eyes—and the School Sisters had placed her in the choir with a select group of other children—to sing Christmas carols. Her first Midnight Mass! How she had been dazzled by the lights and intoxicated by the beauty of the ceremonies—and filled with a child's awe of the wonder and mystery of the Babe new-born! How she had sung her heart out to welcome and greet Him! How every succeeding Christmas had brought back the remembrance of that joy—and filled her heart to overflowing with the spirit of the Christ-Child. Tell it all farewell, she bade herself; look for the last time upon the crib;

then leave it behind you and go out to your lover—but know that such joy as you have found here will never be for you again.

Despair drew the tears from her eyes as she suddenly realized she had made her choice. She had gone too far to retrace her steps; this weakness that was paralyzing her even in the presence of God was only the effect of the wilful course of conduct she had followed. She had made her choice on the first day she had not refused the friendship of Romaine—after she knew what manner of man he was. She had strengthened her choice during the months of their clandestine meetings—when none knew with whom she was spending her time. She had almost confirmed her choice when she had listened to his proposal and had not rejected it as she would have rejected death if it were offered her—had not run from it as from the white heat of an enveloping flame. She had made her choice—and now she was guilty in the sight of the Babe there in the crib—as guilty as any actually unfaithful soul within the world. She had no right to be there; she shrank within herself at the thought; she despised herself; only one thing kept her there—the fact that she had compromised—that it was possible for her yet to withdraw from the net of sin she had woven about her soul. Though the power to withdraw seemed lost to her—she knelt there still and tried to pray. . . .

Silently, while she prayed, another human figure had stolen through the shadows in the body of the church—and crept up to the little radius of half-light that surrounded the crib. It was the figure of another woman—bowed down with sorrow that had impressed upon her the marks of premature age. She softly knelt down before the crib and buried her face in her hands.

The two women seemed unconscious of one another—until at last the escape of a sob from the lips of the second woman suddenly aroused Enid to the fact that she was not alone. Involuntarily almost she looked hastily around—and her eyes met those of the weeping woman who had taken a place near her.

Something in the face of the newcomer startled Enid. It was a strange mixture of terror, of apology, of helplessness, of despair. The same strange mixture came into her voice—as she whispered these words:

“I beg your pardon—I did not see you here—in the dim light.”

What a remarkable thing to say, thought Enid. Apologizing for



being in church! Before she could fathom the meaning of such a thing—the woman spoke in a whisper again—nervously, almost hysterically.

"I should not be here, I know. But I had to come—as I've always done on Christmas night—after Mass and everything were over. I've always been alone. I thought I'd be alone tonight."

For a moment Enid forgot her own problem. She moved a little closer to the stranger and spoke softly.

"There is no need to apologize," she began.

"But you don't understand," said the woman. "I have no right to be here. You wouldn't speak to me if you knew me—you wouldn't want me to remain here if you heard my story. Even God doesn't want me—because I put Him out of my life ten years ago. Only for the sake of the days when I was young and innocent like you—when I used to love it here before the crib and was loved by God in return—I must come back. It is the only happiness I ever know."

Enid's face turned deathly pale and she began to tremble. The woman was like an apparition before her. This—exactly this was what she had been about to choose. The haunted frightened look of a creature who had fled from God! The realization of a soul that it had abandoned its right to partake of the gifts of God to men! The pitiable condition of this soul before her! And there in the crib across from her was He Whom she had been about to give up—to become like this—an outcast from the house of the King! O thank God now, she is still free to choose!

"The days when I was young and innocent like you!" The words were like a challenge flung into the soul of Enid! They brought a flooding flush of shame into her features. She gripped the pew before her firmly—and out of the depths of her soul she thanked God for this miracle that had happened. God had sent this woman here—to make the appeal of flesh and blood in His own behalf as strong as it had formerly been against Him. And it taught her—in that moment of soul-searching remorse—that nothing in all the world was worth purchasing at the price of God!

With all her strength and new-found light, Enid's thoughts left her own plight and groped about for some helpful contact with the soul of the stranger. In that moment she had gone back in memory to the days when she had really been "young and innocent"—and as she would have spoken then—she spoke now to her companion before the crib.



"Are you sure there is no hope for you—except in these few moments of peace that you snatch each year? Have you gone so far away from God that there is no returning?" Every word was like a pointed dagger entering her own soul! She was a hypocrite—she was the more guilty of the two. In full realization she had almost chosen that of which her words implied a condemnation in another woman. She tried to put away the thought! She must save this soul, if possible! O Babe Divine, she prayed, You will understand!

She went on. "Have you forgotten the Prodigal and the Magdalen? Can't you come back to Him like they did?" She turned towards the crib while she spoke, unable to face this sorrowing woman—while she, the Prodigal, she, the Magdalen, spoke loftily of a return to God.

The woman hid her face. "O yes—I have broken away from it all—but I have been afraid—afraid—"

"But now you need fear no more. It is Christmas night—the best time of all the year to come back to God." Her own confidence—the courage of the strength this woman had unconsciously taught her, found its way into her words. She would see this soul through its night of terror—and bring it to the feet of the Saviour as a wonderful offering—when she knelt there to ask for her own forgiveness.

"The priest will be here soon," she continued, "and I will wait with you till we have seen him and until each of us have made our confession. Because—though you didn't know it—until you came I was as sorely in need as you; now you and I can return to His love together." She nodded towards the Infant on the straw of the crib.

Almost in awe—the woman looked up into the face of Enid. The tears faltered on her eyelids—and a look of confidence in the companionship that was offered her seemed to sweep away every trace of fear.

. . .

They knelt in silence for a while—then footsteps were heard in the sacristy. After a time a priest came out into the sanctuary and over to the crib. Enid arose and went to him.

"Father," she said, "this lady and I—have need of confession. Would you hear us?"

The priest uttered a word of acquiescence and entered the door of the confessional not far from the crib. . . .

\* \* \*

Who will count them—or tell their stories—these souls who come

from out of their tangled worlds of sin and sorrow to the crib—the cross—the tabernacle of the Lord? Not of great deeds and accomplishments that the world would praise—their stories; only the stark struggles of souls born free and plunged into the ways of sin; of souls disillusioned through agonies of pain; of souls lost in despair and saved from despair by the love of a God for men!

Two souls were made clean on this Christmas night. Yet the sanctuary lamp burns on—and the pillars stand ceaseless vigil—and the kneeling-benches grow more marked with age. Could they speak and reveal what has happened where they watch—there would be not two but hundreds and thousands of stories related of what takes place in the house of the King.

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### THE MERCY OF DEATH

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It is one of the surest consolations—for those who behold some friend or dear one struck down in the midst of a good and useful life—to realize that by their death they have been preserved from all possible future sin. Cardinal Newman points this out under the heading of the text of the Wise Man: "He was taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

All the more firm and satisfying does this consolation become when the difficulties, the uncertainties, the dangers surrounding a struggling human soul are known. Indeed, the greater the soul and the more holy its state, the greater is the need that it look carefully to itself, lest it stumble and be lost. All the saints knew this; hear for example, the prayers of St. Philip Neri that God might preserve him from a slip or a fall.

Every day, says his biographer, he used to make a protest to God with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, saying, "Lord, beware of me today, lest I should betray Thee, and do Thee all the mischief in the world."

At other times he would say: "The wound in Christ's side is large, but, if God did not guard me, I should make it larger."

Even in his last illness he prayed as follows: "Lord, if I recover, so far as I am concerned, I shall do more evil than ever, because I have promised so many times before to change my life, and have not kept my word, so that I despair of myself."




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## Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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### Our Mother of Perpetual Help

#### IN TIME OF TEMPTATION

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may ever remember to invoke thee in the time of temptation—Pray for me, O Mother of Perpetual Help." (From the Litany.)

There are a great many things perhaps that help to make this life a "vale of tears." Foremost among them is temptation.

Temptation must come to all of us. "No normal life is free from it; no life is normal, possible or virtuous without it." To each of us, no matter to what state of life we are called, temptations will, sooner or later, come.

The world is always around us. Its attractions, loud, glaring, alluring, will always exercise their baneful influence upon us. St. Jerome leaves the great city of Rome and retires to Bethlehem; Bethlehem—the holy place where our Saviour was born; there in a cave—far from men—he thought to be free from it. Yet even there, the images of pageantry and dance, the luring splendor of the great city, penetrate. Even there he had to make his choice between pleasure and God.

The devil, too, never dies. The very sight of our souls—those images of God—reminds him of the beauty and joy that once was his but now is lost forever. And no place too secret, no time too sacred: he penetrates everywhere.

And then our own self. Possibly we could run away from the rest. But our passions, our imaginations, our human weaknesses, our habits—these we bear with us always. No wonder that St. Paul longed "to be dissolved" and "to be with Christ."

Temptations must come. No age is free from them; no vocation is guarantee against them; no time or place is barred against them; no character is immune from them.

We must therefore look for help. Our Lady alone was exempt from this universal law. In her body by reason of her Immaculate Conception there was no spoiled self; she was too clearly the nothingness of all things of this world; nor would her Son, Our Lord, permit the evil spirit to approach her. And yet, none knows better than she what need we have of help in the midst of the temptations that surround us.

A very important petition, then, is this: "That I may ever remember to invoke thee in the time of temptation—Pray for me, O Mother of Perpetual Help."

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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Dear Father: Will you please read a Mass in thanksgiving for a favor received through Our Mother of Perpetual Help? I obtained a position on the sixth Tuesday of a novena of nine Tuesdays made for that intention. An offering is enclosed. (St. Louis.)

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I sincerely wish to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for protecting us all from a severe illness that so many had, and beg her that in the future she will continue to protect us. Please publish this in the Liguorian, as I promised this. (Hayden, Colo.)

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Enclosed please find offering for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for a favor received. My son graduated last year from school, and obtained a very good position shortly after. I am very grateful for this and many other favors I have received, and wish to return public thanks for the same, in order to give others confidence when they are asking favors through Our Blessed Mother. (Omaha, Neb.)

\* \* \*

I am glad to say I am almost well again. My lungs were so badly hurt that the doctor did not expect me to live. But now I am better than I have been for several years. I owe it all to our Mother of Perpetual Help, Ven. Bishop Neumann and St. Alphonsus. (Galveston, Tex.)

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Too low they build who build beneath the stars!—*Young.*

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE ARGUMENT OF HEROISM

The French author, Frederic Soulie, was cared for in his last illness by a Sister of Charity, to whom he often spoke jestingly on the subject of religion. Touched, however, by her devotion and sincerity, the sceptic one day asked her seriously:

"Are you really convinced of the truth of your religion?"

"Do you think," she answered, "that if I were not, I should be here sacrificing my liberty and health in your service?"

The response impressed the sick man deeply. The nun saw its effect, and took occasion to speak to him of the welfare of his soul. He listened attentively, was soon after reconciled with God, and died pressing the crucifix to his heart.

## NEVER TOO BUSY

Michael Collins was one of the foremost leaders of Ireland in her late struggle with England, that ended at last with the creation of the Free State. He was a man of deep, practical faith, as is testified by a little incident related by his biographer of the days he spent in England negotiating over the settlement of Irish affairs.

"Despite his busy days and nights, and the late hours at which he usually retired to rest, he rose each morning very early and left the house at Codogan Gardens, returning an hour later to join some of his companions at breakfast. Ned Broy, whom Collins had brought over as his private secretary, became uneasy over these early morning excursions, fearing for the safety of Collins. He followed him, unseen by him, one day, and discovered that before his companions were awake, Collins was attending Mass daily at the Brompton Oratory.

"In fact," the biographer goes on, "Michael Collins performed the duties and devotional practices of his religion assiduously, but so unobtrusively that few, even of his most intimate friends, were aware of the strength of his religious feeling."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ADVENT

Many years ago the inhabitants of the little country towns of England had a favorite way of preparing for the feast of Christmas. A certain number of the villagers—assigned to the task—would carry around to every home a set of little statues of Mary and Joseph and Jesus. These the members of the household would place in a prominent position in the home—where their eyes would fall often upon them—so that they might constantly be reminded of the significance of the approaching feast and how they should prepare for it.

We have no practices of this kind today. Most of our preparations for Christmas, it is to be feared, are concerned with the externals of the feast—with the decoration of our homes—the celebrations to be enjoyed—the gifts to be given and received. What of the preparation of our hearts—the adorning of them as a home for the Christ Child; the rejoicing we shall make ready for there; the gifts we shall tender to Him and receive from Him without Whom Christmas is no more than a name? Surely if we could have, at least in our mind's eye, the images of Mary and Joseph and Jesus throughout the days of Advent—we would be inspired to prepare not our homes alone—but our hearts and our lives for the coming of Christ on Christmas!

## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Jesus, our Saviour, the King of heaven and earth, was born poor.

His parents, Mary and Joseph, although of a race of kings, were nevertheless poor. When later on Jesus appeared in His public life, the common people recognized Mary and Joseph as of their own class. Joseph was simply "the carpenter"—the workman—working from day to day for the pittance that was needed to keep up the humble and poor house at Nazareth.

Absolutely poor was the place where He was born. The poor stable which served for animals, by the wayside near Bethlehem, fills us with pity and sympathy. What a home for the Infant Jesus! What

a cradle for His tender limbs! What poverty the poor swaddling-clothes reveal! What shelter could that cave give against the chill winds of that December night!

In what comfort, even though poor, do we live!

The poor were His first adorers. Not the members of Herod's luxurious court, not the wealthy of the city, but the poor shepherds who eked out a poor living from their meager wages, were called by the angels to be the first to look on the mystery of that humble stable.

And this poverty, Jesus chose voluntarily. That is the supreme wonder of it all. Being God, all the wealth of earth was at His command. He could have chosen parents of means and distinction; the richest palace could have been His birthplace. And if He came as the child of the poor—did He need to choose the abject and absolute poverty of an animal's shelter?

Why, then, did He freely choose all this poverty?

It must have been for one reason only—and that was, to teach us a lesson in the most telling possible way. And as we reflect on that scene that is unfolded before us that first Christmas night, thought upon thought crowds into our minds.

He must have meant to teach us the right attitude toward the riches and comforts of the world. They are not man's goal; they are not man's true happiness; they are not necessary.

He must have meant to reveal to us His love for the poor. So that we are closer to Him, the more our hearts are unattached to the things of this world.

He must have meant too to win our love more securely. For sympathy easily passes into love and our hearts go out to Him the more readily and completely, the more clearly we see the poverty He took upon Himself for our sake.

And, then, He must have meant to awaken in us the desire to help Him. Help Him? How is it possible? The crib is gone; He is no longer in the cave; true! But: "Whatsoever you have done to the least of My brethren you have done it unto Me." The thought overwhelms one. I—poor, as I am—can help Our Lord! How do I use this wonderful power?

Thoughts such as these will be helpful to us this Christmas especially when poverty stalks in city and town and perhaps enters the door of our own homes.



### THE CALL OF GOD

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New York papers, a few weeks ago, carried an account of the entrance into the convent of Miss Aileen Cohalan, prominent member of New York society. The Catholic News speaks thus of her:

"Miss Cohalan made her social debut six years ago and has been a popular figure in her circle of young friends. She has devoted most of her time since she left college to voluntary social service. She is an accomplished pianist and was a devotee of the opera, and the music room in her parents' home at 23 East Ninety-fourth street was filled with autographed photographs of her friends at the Metropolitan Opera House. Victor Herbert's musical play, Aileen, produced in 1917, was named in her honor."

Such an event does not seem to us unusual nor surprising; it merely serves to illustrate again what has so often been shown before—that to noble souls the world holds nothing worth preferring to a vocation that binds them to a life of sacrifice and prayer.

Still, it does remind us of the rich young man of the Gospel story. At the Master's invitation "to sell all he had and give to the poor and to come and follow Him," he turned sadly away. Here is one in our modern day—who did not turn away.

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### "SOMETHING BEYOND NATURE"

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Before his conversion, yet after his mind had begun to turn toward the Catholic Church, Johannes Jorgensen was traveling over Europe with a Catholic friend. He often visited churches—and on one occasion the sight of the crowds going to confession impressed him deeply. His description of the scene is vivid, and his reactions to it not unlike those that have been felt by many a questioning soul.

"Mogens and I," he says in his autobiography, "had spent the afternoon amongst the pilgrims. We had seen all the confessionals in the lower church besieged by impatiently waiting crowds; we had seen a few impatient penitents push others aside and set up a little fight to get first to the lattice. *Fighting* for a chance to confess one's sins! . . . The men went to confession in the sacristy; it was done without much ceremony; the Father who heard confessions was seated on a chair, the penitent knelt at his side and whispered into his ear. Behind the

penitent, and thronging closely round him, stood others, waiting for their turn. I looked at them, big strong men with weather-beaten faces, red throats and necks; there they stood in rows, in a queue, waiting patiently and without a word, ranged as one is ranged elsewhere before the ticket office of a theater or a music hall, waiting solemnly and calmly for the moment when they too would be allowed to kneel at the feet of the priest, and with their heads on his shoulder tell him all the sin, all the shame, the anguish and distress of their souls. . . .

"Isn't it wonderful?" Mogens had asked eagerly. Yes, it was wonderful! And the power that could bring human beings to this must be rooted in something beyond nature. In heaven or in hell, that was the question—but in any case it was not the work of man!"

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### THE RISE AND FALL OF THE KLAN

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A Washington newspaper recently gave out a list of figures on the Ku Klux Klan. In 1925, its best year, the Klan had nearly nine million members. Today its numbers have fallen to about thirty-five thousand. It is estimated that between the years 1920 and 1925 the Klan took in over ninety million dollars.

Commenting on these figures, an editorial of the Milwaukee Journal has this to say:

"Today, then, the klan stands discredited by the great majority of those who once belonged to it. There is nothing surprising in that, but it must occasion surprise that so great a number of our citizens at one time looked upon its pretensions and mummeries as something valuable for the guidance of America, paying into its treasury such tremendous sums for the aggrandizement of its leaders.

"As many as nine million members and as much as ninety millions of dollars—for what? For the satisfaction of racial antipathies and religious prejudices, nothing more. That bespeaks a mental aberration which is astounding in a free people, but fortunately merely a temporary aberration. Americans of stable emotions can only hope that never again will so great a number of our citizens yield to such unworthy feelings and commit themselves to such un-American theories."

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Be patient in tribulations, fervent in prayer, and fearless in labor.—  
*St. Francis of Assisi.*

## Catholic Events

On Wednesday, November 19th, mid a setting of religious splendor such as the State of Wisconsin has never seen, His Grace, Most Rev. Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, was installed as the fourth Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Following the investiture of the new Archbishop, Cardinal Mundelein led His Grace to the throne on the Gospel side, which the Cardinal had been occupying. His Eminence then turned to the priests and lay people and presented their new Archbishop, saying:

"It is my pleasure and privilege to present to the priests and people of Milwaukee their chief shepherd, the fourth Archbishop of Milwaukee. He has come to Milwaukee a stranger, but he will not remain unknown to you long. He has secured for himself respect and affection in every field of labor in which he has ever been engaged. He has left behind him golden opinions of his ability.

"During the years he served as Bishop of Toledo he gave proof of his great ability. He endeared himself to priests and people by his generous patience and his consideration, which were needed in solving the problems of a growing diocese.

"I promise one thing, the future of the Church in Milwaukee will be glorious. The golden age of accomplishment is just ahead of you. It is the prayer of all to wish Archbishop Stritch many happy years."

After Msgr. Bernard G. Traudt, chancellor of the archdiocese, pledged to the new Archbishop the honor, co-operation and love of clergy and people, His Grace responded. His concluding words were:

"No one knows as the man himself, his own weakness, and I, standing here this morning, know mine, and in deep humility place my confidence in God, and ask that God may bless this new era in the Milwaukee archdiocese."

There were present at the enthronization services, besides George Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, three Archbishops, thirty-two Bishops, one Archabbot, three Abbots, twenty-nine Monsignori, and five hundred priests, religious and diocesan. All the Sisterhoods working in the archdiocese were represented. It was the greatest ecclesiastical gathering ever witnessed in the city.

Among the spectators were 10,000 parochial school pupils, who lined the streets for fifteen blocks, as the new Archbishop's car passed to the Cathedral. The children bore American flags, the colors of the Holy See and placards of welcome; the Archbishop bowed right and left and waved his hands in acknowledgment of the cheers that went up from the ranks of the pupils. It is estimated that at least 10,000 people, who could not enter the cathedral, listened to the services in the courthouse square, just opposite the cathedral. Amplifiers brought everything to the people outside, so that the services could be heard for blocks.

The services in the church were followed by a banquet for the clergy and hierarchy at the Pfister Hotel.

Governor Kohler, of Wisconsin, sent a message of welcome, saying: "I express the sentiment of the people of Wisconsin generally, whether of Catholic or of other religious affiliation. Through Archbishop Stritch's unusual gifts and attainments and his devotion to duty, he made a very notable record in the priesthood and as Bishop of Toledo, and has reached his new eminence at an unusually early age. As a successor to the late lamented Archbishop Messmer, he will have the opportunity of carrying on the noble work in Wisconsin, which will be fruitful of great good both to the Church and to civic life."

Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, also sent his congratulations to the new Archbishop:

"I am happy for the State of Wisconsin that what seemed to many of us the irreparable loss of that gifted humanist and shepherd of souls, Archbishop Sebastian Messmer, is being met by the coming of Archbishop Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, scholar, administrator, and spiritual leader, worthy representative of the great traditions of religion and culture which the Roman Catholic Church has disseminated through the ages."

We say heartily: God bless our new Archbishop!

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His Holiness Pope Pius XI has sent to the Bishops of Ancona and Sinigallia telegrams of condolence and a gift of 80,000 lire for the relief of the victims of the recent earthquake that shook those sections.

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The American Catholic Philosophical Association will hold its sixth annual meeting at Loyola University, Chicago, December 29th and 30th. The first morning session will be devoted to the reading of four papers on St. Augustine, in commemoration of the 1500th anniversary of his death.

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In the fifth international oratorical contest held recently in Washington, D. C., Paul Leduc, of Montreal, Canada, won second prize, and Clemente Perez-Zanartu, of Chile, third prize. They are both Catholic students. The contest this year was opened by President Hoover himself.

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For the fifth consecutive year, in a state-wide scholarship contest, Topeka Catholic High School has won first place over all schools of the state (public and private). Three times the school has carried off first honors at the State Agricultural College, and twice at the State Teachers' College, winning the general scholarship cup, the highest awards in team entrances and individual first places.

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The Rev. Paul E. Campbell, superintendent of Catholic schools in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, in his annual account, points out that the taxpayers of Pittsburgh save more than \$5,300,000 yearly by the fact that 42,239 pupils attend the 86 Catholic parochial schools in the city. He

said, that, according to the annual city rate per capita, each pupil in the Catholic schools saves the city at least \$126.59 a year.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Lucille Begg, prominent in New York social circles, has entered the cloistered Order of the Franciscan Poor Clares in that city. Many friends and relatives attended the Vesper and Benediction service that marked Miss Begg's last public appearance in the world and her entrance into religion.

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Six Benedictine Nuns have arrived in Peking, China, from America, to inaugurate a school for the higher education of girls and women, to be affiliated with the Catholic University of Peking. The Superioress of the newly-arrived community is Sister Francotta, O.S.B., who was head of the economics department of St. Benedict's College, St. Cloud, Minn. Other sisters are to follow.

\* \* \*

On All Saints Day six colored theologians received the tonsure at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Richard Gerow, Bishop of Natchez, in the chapel of St. Augustine's Seminary, at Bay St. Louis, Miss.

St. Augustine's Seminary is the only seminary in the United States devoted to the education and training of a colored clergy. It was begun ten years ago.

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"Bread lines," an inevitable concomitant of economic depression in our large centers of population, are more numerous and longer this fall than ever in New York. At the Franciscan Monastery the bread line numbers about 1,500 daily and the line is increasing alarmingly. At St. Vincent's Hospital, 350 unemployed persons are fed three times a day, and some days the number reaches 500. The Sisters of Charity, likewise, are giving food to about 350 every day. And so on of other Catholic institutions. Passersby, it is said, touched by the sight, offer money to maintain the work.

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Former Governor Alfred Smith has accepted the chairmanship of a committee composed of 100 leading citizens which will seek to unify and strengthen the many programs for the relief of unemployment in the city of New York.

\* \* \*

Some idea of the fertility of the field for Catholic missionary work among the Negroes, is given by the fact that of 155 students enrolled in St. Monica's new school, Raleigh, N. C., not a single one is Catholic. Five Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of Scranton, Pa., teach in the school. A choir of 40 children, none yet Catholic, is being trained by the nuns. The temporary church is more than two-thirds filled every Sunday at Mass, but there are only seven Catholics in the congregation. Thirty-three persons attend catechism classes every Wednesday evening and 119 children, none Catholic, go to Sunday school.

# Some Good Books

*The First Instruction of Children and Beginners. An Inquiry Into the Catechetical Tradition of the Church.* By the Rev. Joseph V. Tahon. With an introduction by the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Published by Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 115 pages. Price, \$1.25.

If there was a time when our teaching of Religion in the schools could have been blamed because of its unnaturalness and inefficiency, now, we feel safe to say, the movement has been felt everywhere to use the most approved methods.

The teaching of Religion is so important, that we cannot help looking upon it as a most hopeful sign, that today so much interest is shown in its perfection. And anything that will serve to keep alive and even increase this interest ought to be welcome.

That is why we recommend this work. Though comparatively small, it is very good account of the history of the catechetical methods from the very beginning. Teachers will undoubtedly profit by it. And even the lay reader will find it interesting and instructive.

*The Congregations of Priests From the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century.* By P. Pisani. Translated by Mother Mary Reginald O.P. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 195 pages. Price, \$1.35.

This is volume XLV of the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge—a noteworthy series of Catholic Books to which we referred, with praise, in a previous issue.

This book is packed with information that must interest all Catholics. Almost all the Congregations of Priests, whose origin and history are here described, are working in this country. Camillians, Jesuits, Lazarists or Vincentians, Sulpicians, Eudists, Marians, Holy Ghost Fathers, Passionists, Redemptorists—they are all contributing their great share to the work and the glory of the Church in the United States. To many Catholics they are only names. The brief and well-told stories of these congregations will enlighten all and perhaps help someone in the choice of his vocation.

*Sex Education and Training in Chastity.* By the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M. Cap., Ph.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. XXXIX and 540 pages.

There is hardly a teacher or parent or priest who will not welcome any help in the problem of educating the young towards happy and perfect manhood and womanhood. We all find the problem today more insistent and complicated than ever.

Father Kirsch has given us a splendid book on the subject. He has evidently taken untold trouble to find the best everywhere and with mature judgment has compiled and evaluated it for us. He has drawn upon psychologists, physicians and professional leaders in all fields and this gives one a feeling of satisfaction that we are getting a thorough treatment of the matter.

It is scientific; it is clear and intelligible; it is practical. We recommend it without hesitation to all who are interested in the best education of children.

At this time we would like to call the attention of our readers to a whole series of Catholic novels and juveniles, just recently issued from the press. We will discuss them later on.

*The High Road.* By Grace Keon. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$2.00.

*Brigit.* By Mrs. George Norman. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.00.

*Rivals on the Ridge.* By Fredrick Hoorman. Published by Fredrick Pustet, Cincinnati. Price, \$2.00.

*Cherie at Sacred Heart.* A sequel to "Cherie" by May Beatrix McLaughlin. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.25.

*Mary Rose at Friendville.* By Mary Mabel Wirries. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.00.

*The Bascomb Boys on the Gridiron.* By Rev. H. J. Heagney. Benziger. Price, \$1.25.

*Brass Knuckles.* By Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Benziger. Price, \$1.25.

# Lucid Intervals

A couple of pitmen up in London for a holiday halted in front of a brass plate fixed on the front of a house, whereon was inscribed in bold characters the word "Chiropodist."

"Chiropodists," remarked one of them perplexedly, "what's that?"

"Why," replied his companion, "a chiropodist is a chap that teaches canaries to whistle."

Young Wife: "It says 'beat the white of eggs till stiff.' I think they must be done now."

Hubby: "Why, are they stiff?"

Young Wife: "No, but I am."

A plump woman once asked advice about her costume for a fancy-dress ball.

"I am planning on going as Helen of Troy," she said. "Don't you think the costume would suit me?"

"Helen of Troy?" her companion answered, with a faint smile. "Don't you think Helen of Avoirdupois would be better?"

James came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

James snickered.

"Barque," exclaimed the teacher harshly.

James (obediently): "Bow-wow."

"Who is really the boss in your house?" inquired the friend.

"Well, of course, Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog, the cat, and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."

Little Mary was left to fix lunch and when the mother returned with a friend she noticed Mary had the tea strained.

"Did you find the lost strainer?" mother asked.

"No, Mother, I couldn't, so I used the fly swatter," Mary replied.

Mother nearly swooned, so Mary hastily added: "Don't get excited, Mother, I use the old one."

"Oh, captain," said a lady on a liner, "my husband is peculiarly subject to seasickness. Could you tell me what he ought to do in case of an attack?"

"It ain't necessary to tell him, ma'am," said the captain. "He'll do it."

Angus: "I took my wife to the theater last night and we almost had a taxi ride home."

Sandy: "You did? How?"

Angus: "Well, I matched the chauffeur first whether we should pay him double fare or nothing. He won—so we had to walk."

Mrs. Brown: "Do you know, our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

Mrs. Jones: "That's nothing; our laundry-man does the same thing."

First New Englander: "So you had an operation on your nose?"

Second New Englander: "Yes, it was getting so I could hardly talk through it."

Beggar: "Do you pull out teeth gratis?"

Dentist: "No, but my dog puts teeth in gratis."

"Been seeing a good deal in print lately about a balanced ration."

"Well?"

"What's your idea of a balanced ration?"

"Peas on a knife."

Beauty Specialist: "Yes, madam, I remember lifting your face."

Client: "That's right. And now I wish you could lift my husband's. As soon as you sent your bill it dropped badly."

There had been several earthquake shocks in a certain district, so a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A day or two later they received a telegram: "Am returning your boy—send earthquake."



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